10 April

Paul Laurens, who comes to lunch and with whom I spend the whole afternoon, repeats to me Albert's disheartening remark: "Oh, how slow our youthful dreams are in dying!"

Sunday, 15 April

The number is increasing . . . of things that I allow myself to think, that I am less inclined to allow myself to say, and that I do not allow others to say at all; as for example, that the beginning of *Madame Bovary*[26] is very badly written.

Tuesday after Easter

My nerves on edge as a result of the day yesterday when, from nine o'clock in the morning on, I was unable to work, or even to be alone, a single moment.

This morning my work is constantly interrupted by a *mad* anxiety: how did Jacques Copeau get home Saturday night? Already on Sunday I stopped at Georges Petit's to find out about his return. Copeau was not there; I left a note for him, an urgent question. . . . Since then, *nothing.* I shall stop by again this evening.

How *much* I enjoyed going out yesterday with filie All^gret's four children. I took them to the Jardin d'Acclimatation with Domi. All along the way I had little Jean and the very small Andre clinging to me. From time to time, suddenly, one of them would squeeze my hand with a sort of rapture. Their affection enveloped me like a perfume. Jean held my right hand and little Andre my left. The weather was perfect. We saw a balloon take off.

Little Jean. His anxiety; his attention each time he saw me take out money (for the train, the cab, the admission, the tea).

I wanted to repeat to Jeanne a very amusing remark of Eric, Jean's younger brother; I stopped suddenly, having encountered Jean's *anx-ious* look. Certainly, never having heard his parents call attention to a remark by any one of them (and this is the reason why each of these children talks in such a delightfully natural way), it

would never have occurred to him that I was repeating these words because I considered them charming; he feared that they might have been out of place.

A very good shepherd already—^guiding the flock'*[27]—he did not . think of his own pleasure, was constantly anxious to gather together his little brothers; kept an eye out if one of them strayed; became alarmed if he did not see all of them at the same time.

[26] Flaubert's great novel, published in 1857.

[27] Ronsard. [A.]